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hands in the Middle Ages, or strewn on Whitsunday in the church, or scattered before the Host on Corpus Christi, or brought in in sheaves on May Day, were one whit less beloved than the flowers exhibited in a rose or dahlia show of to-day? As to that, I wonder which one would really enjoy more, being shown about the garden by a head-gardener at Kew or at Versailles; or by the Brother Gardener at Glastonbury?

ROBERT MAX GARRETT.

The University of Washington.

FINIS

Now I have written all—  
There is no more, no other thought to come;  
And you who found me meaningless and dumb  
Shall read; upon each fiery page  
Spell out your sacrilege.

And did I say: 'No more'?  
Yet there was one mysterious, haunting phrase,  
Elusive, faint, about the hidden ways  
Of God; sun-phoenix and the west,  
A line worth all the rest.

I could not set it down. . . .  
Of cruel cities and their multitude  
I wrote, and how my craving heart pursued  
A phantom, what dark ways I went,  
What blood-red coin I spent.

So my too-human skill  
Deceives. You read a bitter heart and mind  
Because those thrilling words you shall not find;  
But when my book's last leaf you bend,  
'Finis' is not the end.

G. O. WARREN,

Harvard, Massachusetts.